

RESIDENCE OF J. J. HILL AT ST. PAUL. MINN.

LUCK AND LAZINESS

Two Things That Do Not Go Together in Business Life.

HONEST EFFORT IS BOUND TO WIN

The Opinion of a Man Who Has Made a Big Success.

TALK WITH JAMES J. HILL

Written for The Evening Star.

James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern system of railroads which crosses the territory between St. Paul and the Pacific and covers part of it with a veritable network of tracks, is short and broad in person; in New England they would call him "stubbed," making two syllables of the

He believes in hard work, mixed with thought, good company in business and luck. These three things have helped him who began life a poor boy on a sterile Canadian farm, to become one of the four or five greater developers and railway mon archs of the age.

Sitting in his St. Paul office the other day Mr. Hill discussed with the writer the future of the country, present chances for young men, and other topics of current interest. Incidentally his talk threw much light upon his own life and personality. Hill is an optimist, as you would expect a man of his type and achievements to be, though he isn't blind to the fact that many new and difficult problems have beer brought into existence by modern business and social developments. In spite of these however, he says there are still innumer able opportunities for young men to win financial success in the United States. The development of the country has only be-gun, so to speak, and there'll be plenty of chances as long as development is going on. But the man who desires to get his ce must work and persevere in his

Steady Workers in Demand. "The crying need of the northwest to-

day," said Mr. Hill, "is men who have the gift of continuance. We have sent 15,000 track laborers out in the past twelve months, and yet we have not had more than 2.500 at work at any one time. The majority of the laborers now at work in the Dakotas and Minnesota are Italians and Poles. The Italians are highly unsatisfac-tory. As a rule their object in coming here ely to get enough money together to support them in idleness at home, and they hourd their earnings to the last possible de-gree. For this reason, and because they come from a land where food is not abundant, they rarely eat enough or well enough, and so have not sufficient physical strength to stand the strain of long continued labor. The Poles are much more satisfactory. They are strong, hardy and willing, more-over, they are anxious to leave off working wages as soon as possible. Conditions of political and personal freedom in Poland are not to their liking, and consequently they do not desire to return to the old world, as the Italians do, but are prone to

Japs we find them the most satisfactory la-horers we have. They are willing, cheer-ful and strong; they work a little cheaper, and that is a point, of course, but the great advantage of the labor of the Japs over any

work to do in this country. It is not so. Every healthy man who is idle in the United States today is so from choice. I do not

circumstance; in other words, there is something in luck. At the same time luck and laziness don't go together and opportunities will not hunt him up. He must look for them and work for them, and, after all, the measure of success depends a good deal upon the man. Such a young man as you suggest could not win if he were bent on living as if he had an income of thousands, while yet his income were not more than yet his income were not more than from \$400 to \$600 a year. But let him work steadily, live prudently and give signs of intelligence and enterprise, and help will eventually come to him. In truth, help for eventually come to him. In truth, help for such young men is constantly looking for them to take it; help to buy farms, help to take charge of enterprises, small at first, but in this period of rapid evolution sure to grow into something well worth while; help of greatly diversified sorts. No one who reflects a bit can fail to see the falsity of the notion that the day of rapid devel-opment of big enterprises has past. It is true, for instance, that more miles of long-distance steam railroads have been built distance steam railroads have been built than are yet to be constructed, but the de-velopment of urban and interurban electric railroads is still comparatively in its in-fancy. The same is true of many other forms of development. They all require capital; but when of the right sort, a young man need have no difficulty in attaching



troubles at the present time is the of proper men to place in posts of trust and responsibility as foremen, superintend ents and the like. We simply can's find them fast enough. There are plenty among the workingmen, probably, with sufficient ability to assume such posts, but most of them insist upon joining in certain short-sighted movements that shut them out of promotion and often deprive them of the work they already have to do. I will give you an example of this:

A Railroad Economy.

"Until a comparatively recent date we employed hundreds of coal heavers to replenish the tenders of our engines. They had to work in the dark as well as in the light, for people wish to travel by night as well as by day in these busy times, and freight bound from the west to the east cannot be stopped when the sun goes down. So, although our coal heavers were unem-ployed a good pertion of each day while waiting for engines, and did not work more than from four to six hours in each twer ty-four, they were obliged to be 'on watch' all the time. Our system was to divide the day into twelve-hour shifts, thus keeping two full forces of men at each point where our engines took coal. We paid the men \$45 a month. After a while some one came along and persuaded them that they were not having a fair show; that no matter how they do not desire to return to world, as the Italians do, but are prone to settle down en land in this country as soon as they get money enough to do so.

"West of the Dakotas we use more Japs than men of any other nationality. We did not begin the employment of the little brown men from the orient from choice, but because we were obliged to; we couldn't depend on men of any other nationality. It is only right to say that having tried the Japs we find them the most satisfactory lands we find them the most satisfactory lands we find them the most satisfactory lands we accepted the terms of the men; but and we accepted the terms of the men; but and we accepted the terms of the men; but a for this was an in-

and we accepted the terms of the men; but we were not pleased, for this was an in-crease of running expenses which brought no increase of business. If we were to inadvantage of the labor of the Japs over any other labor now available in the northwest crease expenses 50 per cent along the line is their reliability. It comes mainly from their temperance and their personal cleanwe would have either to stop our trains or freeze.

Is There Work for All?

"There is much talk that men cannot get fork to do in this country. It is not so."

We would have either to stop our trains or freezese our freight and passenger rates enormously. Naturally, we sought a remember to stop our trains or freezes our freight and passenger rates enormously. Naturally, we sought a remember to stop our trains or freezes our freight and passenger rates enormously. Naturally, we sought a remember to stop our trains or freezes our freight and passenger rates enormously. Naturally, we sought a remember to stop our trains or freezes our freight and passenger rates enormously. Naturally, we sought a remember to stop our trains or freezes our freight and passenger rates enormously. Naturally, we sought a remember to stop our trains or freezes our freight and passenger rates enormously. Naturally, we sought a remember to stop our trains or freezes our freight and passenger rates enormously. Naturally, we sought a remember to stop our trains or freezes our freight and passenger rates enormously. Naturally, we sought a remember to stop our trains or freezes our freight and passenger rates enormously. Naturally, we sought a remember to stop our trains or freezes our freight and passenger rates enormously. men of mechanical expertness among our employes, and in a short time we were say that every carpenter can get carpenter work to do, or that every plumber can find a job at his trade, but if he will take what he can get, every idle man in the country coaling our engines by machinery, employing only two men at each coaling place, one by day and one by night, at a cost of \$80 to \$400 a month. Now coaling our engines by machinery, employ-



HERD OF BUFFALO ON J. J. HILL'S FARM,

can go to work as soon as he is ready to. each man simply tends a machine, which of things is enough to make an observant man pessimistic, but a broad view throws a different light upon it. To offset the army of idle, vicious men—for idleness breeds viciousness—there is a great body of busy, prosperous farmers, business men, professional men and employes in Minnesota, in the Dakotas, in Montana and away out to the coast.

"It may be true that the willfully idle are now multiplying; if true, this might be taken for a disquieting sign by the faint-hearted. But there is a remedy, and it is self-acting; the doctrine of the survival of the fittest is eternally true, and those who will not work cannot eat.

Words to Young Men.

"Were I asked to give definite advice to a young man of intelligence and health, but

At this moment there are jobs ranging in pay from \$1.25 to \$3 and \$4 a day for 100,000 nominal expense. Now when an engine has men in the northwest. There are, no doubt, to be coaled it runs alongside a trestle, the At this moment the northwest. There are, no doubt, enough idle men in the northwest. There are, no doubt, enough idle men in this region to fill all these jobs, but they are men who have dropped out of healthy, active life into the life of the loafer. In a sense this condition of things is enough to make an observant of things is enough to make an observant the cost of coaling our engines now averthere. the cost of coaling our engines now averages between 3 and 4 cents; sometimes it as low as 2 cents. That is all right for us, though not very pleasant for the men, since nearly 400 of them who had steady since hearly 400 of them who had steady work, hard, perhaps, while it lasted, but with plenty of rests between whiles, have had to seek other employment; but it should be remembered that it is their own fault if they are idle. Eventually we might have come to the present method of coal-ing in any event, but we hadn't contem-plated it when the demand for eight-hour shifts was made."

Mr. Hill's Methods.

Personally, James J. Hill practices the gospel of work as persistently as he preachwithout capital or the training of the es it. His friends say he is never idle exschools, I should say, first of all, that he cept when asleep. My call upon him was must remember that opportunity has much made late on Saturday afternoon. Nearly to do with success in any place, and in any every part of the big Great Northern build-pup ever place.

ing was deserted except the president's of-fices. It was occupied by the president and the clerks who work under his personal direction. All were as busy as bees. In spite of their generally longer hours and their infrequent half holidays as compared with the other clerks, all Great Northern employes court places close to the presi-dent. When he takes a young man into his office it means that he has some faith in that young man, and if the faith is jus-

tified by his works, promotion is as sure as the sunrise after the night. Some years ago a rather diffident, serious-Some years ago a rather diffident, seriousfaced young St. Paul lad, named Frank E.
Ward, went to work for Hill as his personal stenographer. Times had never been
easy with the boy, and this led him to approach his duties with terrible earnestness.
From the first Hill was interested.
He noticed in particular that the boy always had a book handy, which he pored
over whenever there was a minute's respite. One day the president picked up the over whenever there was a minutes res-pite. One day the president picked up the book. It was not a work of fiction, but an algebra, and no objection was made to its continued study. It is Hill's custom when-ever traveling over his road to sit at the rear of the train and make a flying inspection of the tracks and the right of way. Till Frank E. Ward's time Hill had always insisted that whoever was with him on a trip of inspection should also watch the tracks, but he made an exception in the case of the young stenographer. He was allowed and encouraged to study when making trips. All the same, the boy kept a pretty close watch on everything pertaining to the road and its operation, as Hill found out from time to time by talks

Earned His Promotion.

One day the stenographer was promoted to be president's assistant. Later, when Hill saw that the lad, now grown to be a man, was competent to work alone, he was promoted again, and he now writes "general superintendent" after his signature. The story that Great Northern clerks have taken up the study of algebra extensively since Ward's promotion is probably not true, but it is certain that his rise has been an excellent object lesson all along the line.

Mr. Hill's beautiful residence, his gallery of paintings his 4000-acre farm. Mr. Hill's beautiful residence, his garlery of paintings, his 4,000-acre farm, where he carries on all sorts of agricultural operations suitable to the northwest, and where a noteworthy herd of buffalo is kept, have often been described. He has given careful thought to all these things as well as to the constitution and operation of his as to the construction and operation of his roads and the development of the north-west, but to nothing has he devoted more care than the education and training of his sons. One of them, W. L. (known familiar-ly to every one in St. Paul as Louis), is now assistant to his father. The other, James N., is vice president of the Eastern railway of Minnesota. Samuel Hill, a son-in-law, is president of one of the Great Northern

ALL ABOUT FANS.

An Interesting Account of the History of "Woman's Scepter." From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The fan, "woman's scepter," has, since the sixteenth century, been a necessary article of woman's dress, and it has played its own little part in the intrigues of love and politics, for once upon a time the touch of a fan changed the destiny of a nation. Even the stately Addison deigned to write about the fan in his "Spectator." Said George Augusta Sala: "If a thorn was the first needle, no doubt a palm leaf fan was the first fan." Poor old Rameses III, whose troubles began about 1235 B. C., when he ascended the throne of the Pharaohs, was wont to go about attended by princes bearing great semi-circular fans painted in brilliant colors, if one may believe the evi-dence of the frescoes on the temple of Thebes. The fans of the early Egyptians and of China were carried as standards in war, and were made at different times of feathers, silk, and in the fifth century B. C.

the fashion of peacock feather fans was introduced from Asia Minor.

With the introduction of Christianity the fan became an emblem of chastity, and was used to keep the flies from the chalice, being consecrated by St. Ambrose for that purpose. It was called the "flabellum," and it still used in panyl coremonies. In and is still used in papal ceremonies. In the sixteenth century, however, it became generally used. Queen Elizabeth, as one would suppose, had a quantity of them, and fans were among the treasures of Catherine de Medicis.

Fans were not made much in France until the days of Louis XIV, most of the trade before being with Spain. The Louis XIV fan contained from eighteen to twenty biades, and when open they formed a con-tinuous surface of ivory or mother-of-pearl, decorated with gold or silver. The "mount," that is the part above the sticks, made the largest part of the surface of the fan. The fan opens out to a full half circle. The "eventall brise," also of this period, had no mount, but was made up of sticks, which were painted, carved or decorated with spangies. Mme. de Sevigne possessed a peautiful fan, which she described in one of her letters. It was of the style known as 'Vernis Martin.'' It represented the "Toilet of Venus" and a "Promenade," and the Venus is a portrait of Mme, de Montespan. Martin was a coachmaker of the time of Louis XIV, who discovered a remarkable varnish. One of these owned by Marie Anoinette is now the property of Queen Vic-

During the reign of Louis XV the blades eighteen to twenty, were narrowed and put further apart, and it no longer opened to a half circle. The figures in the mounts were much smaller and the painting or other decoration not nearly so boldly done. The "Cabriolet" belongs to this period, in which the mount is in two parts, the lower and narrower mount being half way up the stick, and the second in the usual place.

The Louis XVI fan opened, forming a half circle like the Louis XIV, but differed from it in the sticks, which did not overlap, but were narrower and wider apart, and were usually fewer in number, from sixteen to eighteen. Watteau did not consider it beneath his dignity to decorate fans, and many were painted by him.

During the revolutionary period the fan became smaller, and suffered decadence. It has been said that no man was ever known to commit murder with a cigar in his mouth, but Charlotte Corday is asserted to have killed Marat without letting go her

fan.

The Parisian fanmaker is the designer of the fashions of the present day, and Duvelleroy, in England, is not only a designer, but has a rare collection of old fans. The lace fan is among the finest of the Duvelleroy. leroy fans, the sticks being of tortoise shell or mother-of-pearl. This artist also shows some beautifully painted fans of the Louis XVI style and Vernis Martin.

In our own shops we find a splendid col-lection of the most exquisite designs. There is a black and violet fan of the "Cabriolet" style, which is very beautiful. The pearl sticks are inlaid, and upon the mount are painted dainty Watteau figures. Another painted dainty Watteau figures. Another is of black gauze, with tortoise shell sticks. Upon a Louis XVI fan of black gauze are green medallions, upon which appear lovers with chubby cupids hovering near.

The fans are from nine to ten inches in length, the tiny empire fan not being as popular as it was several seasons ago. There are many pretty chiffon fans, one having a pretty pastoral scene painted upon it. Another of white chiffon has silver spangles decorating it. One very unique fan is made of silk, upon which are ap pliqued designs in Chantilly lace, and alternating with the lace medallions are pretty little hand-painted figures; the inlaid sticks are painted and spangled. A pale creamcolored silk fan, elaborately ornamented with figures in the style of the Vernis Mar-tin fans, is among the most expensive. Paillettes of shining steel are used to sew the delicate patterns of flower sprays ap-pliqued on the net and chiffon. Black fans, black and green and black

and violet seem to be the popular colors There are many pretty commencement fans and wedding fans, which, of course, are white. Chains are much used, and the pretty Japanese fans are almost as beautiful in design as the expensive silk and lace.

Anything to Love. From Collier's Weekly.



"Say, dat fool Minnie, ever since she dat 5th avenue lady have a poodle in her arms, she's been luggin' dat big Mullins'

ON PLEASURE BENT

Types of Humanity in Evidence on a River Excursion.

VARIOUS METHODS OF ENJOYMENT

Odd Scenes on the Boat and at the Picnic Grounds.

SINGING AND DANCING

Written for The Evening Star.

The man with the indeterminate mouth who walks about the boat with two camp stools under each arm, with the three female members of his family wearily following after him, furnishes amusement for the crowd until the boat is ready to start down the river. He cannot quite make up his mind as to the best spot whereon to deposit himself and his charges. He traipses aimlessly about, above and below, from the gangway to the hurricane deck, the women in his care obediently climbing after him without demur. Meanwhile, the boat is rapidly filling up, and the best places up for ard, on the main deck, are being rapidly seized. When the boat is ready to pull out the man with the wavering face finds that the whole craft, fore and aft, is in possession of people who were willing to take what room they could set, and he is compelled to land himself and his trio of female relatives off in a corner, in the hottest section of the boat, next to the faded woman with the weeping

Meanwhile, the other boat, bound out at the same time, has started two minutes ahead, and has got a lead of three or four hundred yards. The passengers speculate as to whether the other boat will be overtaken. The anxiety on the part of all hands over this matter is really feverish. One might almost fancy it a race for a one might almost rancy it a race for a famous international trophy. Gradually the lead of the other boat—jammed to the gun'is, it is seen, with the colored man and brother, likewise sister, and all seemingly very happy in song—is cut down, and for a moment it is prow and prow. Then the other boat drops back, beaten, and seek here and woman on the boat that each man and woman on the boat that has forged ahead seems to regard it as an individual, personally conducted triumph.

The Usual Funny Man. The funny men appear to have installed

themselves in the very best open spaces wherefrom to dazzle their willy-nilly listeners with their humor. An excursion boat without its ample quota of rasp-voiced humorists would be like a circus without pink lemonade and peanuts. Each funny man is generally accompanied by three or four young women who have been seemingly trained to giggle at the humorist's every word. It makes no difference what the excursion boat humorist says, they feel it incumbent upon them to giggle. When the bell in the pilot house tolls as the boat passes Mount Vernon, the funny man assumes a sad expression and says something about G. Wash's dinner being ready, and all of his retinue of young women giggle. When the funny man emits something that he considers particularly good he looks around out of the tail of his eye to see if he has extracted a laugh from the people in his vicinage whom he does not know. If he encounters scowls instead it makes no difference to him. He knows in his own inmost soul that he is funny, and the gig-gies of his own immediate claque of young

women suffice for applause. women summer for appliance.

The man who finds it impossible to shake off his office troubles also has a good point of vantage wherefrom to impress the people of vantage wherefrom to impress the people who are involuntarily near him. He nails his wife close up to the rail and tells her stridently how he has been doing more work in the office during the past taree days than the whole force combined; that it makes him tired to see how those other fellows in his room loaf, that the office might possibly run along some old way if he happened to drop out for a week or so through sickness but he'll be derned if he through sickness, but he'll be derned if he sees how.

An Authority on Bas

The young man who thinks that the Washington club is the greatest ball team in the world also has his usual position up in the eyes of the bow. He admits, with some reluctance, that the team is close to the bottom, but that makes no difference. It is the best club in the world, anyhow. "It ain't had no chanct. Wait till the men get to playing together, and then you'll all crawl and admit that I'm right," He talks in this strain while the boat is covering six knots, and the savage glances that he gets from the eyes of people who kno a thing or two themselves about base ball, and who would like to hear themselves talk to each other, anyhow, do not put him out

f countenance.
The old gentleman who hasn't been on th river since he was brought up from the mouth of the James in a transport, after being wounded "in front of Petersburg" in '64, also has a word or two to say. He the ear of the whole boat, consequently he is listened to with some interest by the people near him. The man with the little boy who asks questions makes earnest efforts to draw the boy, who is more or less pulp witted, into the exudation of brilliant juvenile remarks for the delectation of all hands. The boy gives vent to the most commonplace utterances conceivable, but his father looks around proudly every time the boy says something particularly flat and pointless, and waits for tumultuous applause. It makes no difference that the applause is never forthcoming. The father continues to exploit the boy, and after a while he seizes upon a glum-looking bachefor sitting near him and tells him all of the cintillating things the boy has said during the past four months.

Always in Evidence.

The young woman who has a long story to tell her chum about the deceitfulness of Minnie becomes so immersed in her description of Minnie's underhandedness that her voice unconsciously rises to a plaint capable of being heard at a distance of ten feet. The two young men with red bands about their straw hats, who get into an argument respecting the merits of certain sprockets for wheels, also break the calm of the purling, plashing river. The large, heavy man who smokes unspeakably vicious cigars one after the other has segment his neural hosting. cured his usual position 'way up near what would be the cathead of a ship, so that would be the cathead of a snip, so that the stunning yellow fumes from his weeds may not waste their fragrance upon the desert air, but give all hands to the lee-ward a chance. The small doy in a duck sailor suit, who wants to portray his heavy-weather part by climbing over the rail and weather part by climbing over the rail and hanging therefrom by one finger, extracts weather part by chimoling over the rail and hanging therefrom by one finger, extracts the usual muffled scream from his mother, who places her hand over her heart when she sees her offspring's perilous position.

The precise-looking man with the guide book who wants to identify each point on the river and to ascertd its historical significance as he passes it keeps all of the pecple near him busy with his questions. The elderly woman who knows that the boat is unseaworthy and is about to sink, burying all hands in the deep, makes all hands near her sad and leavy-hearted. She recalls the time when her brother-inlaw's third cousin was growned in a steamboat accident on the Mam river in '54, and she dwells upon the long time it required to rescue his body. She says that the next time anybody wheedes her into intrusting her life upon the bosom of the vasty deep she'll know it.

Soon Become Friends.

The two pugnacious-looking men who have a wordy quarret over the possession of a camp stool are there, too, of course. After accusing each other of all manner of swinishness they begin to "old man" each other and to fall generally into the apologetic tone, and then they abandon their mutual claims to the stool and repair to the refreshment compartment below, firm-ly locked in a friendship that is to con-tinue all through life, it would seem. When the boat turns toward the point of

debarkation the entire crowd, fore and aft, above and below, pack themselves at the gangway. There is no obvious reason for hurry to get off; no one appears to stand hurry to get off; no one appears to stand any change of missing anything ashore by getting off a minute or two after the oth-ers; yet all hands mass themselves at the gangway, as if they knew the boat to be on fire or in a sinking condition. The boat

hands have to elbow the crowd back from the gangway, and when the plank is final-ly placed the rush is like unto that of a throng rushing from a theater that is wrapped in flames. As soon as those in front find themselves upon the pier they immediately cease to be in a hurry and slacken their run up to a stroll in order to slacken their run up to a stroll, in order to block the ambitions of those behind them to debark in a hurry.

Mecca for Many. The dancing pavilion seems to be the Mecca of most of the rushers. It is very warm, but climatic conditions are never considered by dancers. The maze begins almost at once, and one sits and wonders how the young woman who weighs fully 160 pounds is able to cavort through four straight waltzes without the vaguest indication of fatigue; why men who can't dance will dance; why it is that men six feet three inches in height always select fivefoot garls for partners, and vice versa; why a man who runs his partner into ten cou-ples, one after the otner, doesn't finally conclude that dancing isn't his particular

game and pass out, and so on.

The shootists among the young men repair straightway to the shooting gallery and expend their substance in blazing away at marks that could not be missed by a rock is aved by a little girl. The young man who has bragged all the way down of his prowess as an oarsman hires a skiff and has a race with the young man who has doubted his prowess and gets beat by fifty lengths in a quarter of a mile dash in the dark. The swings are immediately seized, and the usual screams follow the attempts of youths to project their swinging young women friends through the over-hanging boughs of trees. The splashing thud of the shooting-the-chutes car striking the water begins, and the young men in the cars are seen to be making their usual efforts to guard against the removes nosefforts to guard against the remetest pos sibility of their young women friends tail-

On the Green Lawns.

The young men who exchange hats with their young women friends and who walk around the grounds that way are, of course, soon in evidence. The elderly women who have brought their daughters along abandon chaperonage for the nonce and distribute themselves on the benches under the trees, but the sharp observer may observe that they generally seem to know where their daughters are, at that The gloomy youth who has come down quite alone, and who is generally figured by the young women as the victim of a disappointment-in-love case, wanders off by himself in the direction of the woods, and there is considerable speculation as to whether he purposes succee as a way out of his trouble. The romance is shattered when he appears unnaturally joyous on

the trip back. The trip back is not begun without the usual number of alarms about left-be-binds. The crowd begins to swarm aboard at the first warning toots, but there are laggards notwithstanding the continued rantic tooting of the steamboat whistle When the plank is about to be cast off, the three inevitable couples who haven't heard any of the tooting come running breathles ly down the pier, and the already moving boat has to reverse engines in order to take them on. The elderly mothers of daughters xhibit the greatest imaginable anxiety unbecomes quite certain that there are no left-behinds.

Homeward Bound. Quite a different spirit seems to animate he returning voyagers from that which prevailed on the down trip. There is more soulfulness, as it were. The mystery of night and the stars seems to impel many of the youths to song. At first their musical efforts are wabbly and ineffectual, but capable. There have been songs and songs, but none of them has had such a vogue with the steamboat excursionists of Washwith the steamout excursions of Washington as this reversion to the initial home-taking of Nellie. The only song that approximates the Nellie affair in steamboat popularity is "The Soldier's Farewell." This is the second string to the young men's bow, and they tweak it any number of times over and over again. We seem of times, over and over again. We seem not to advance with the era in steamboat music, for no sooner is the soldier's lament concluded for the thirty-fourth time than the inspiring strains of "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By" roll out on the cool

A young man with some talent as a vio linist takes his place up in the eyes of the boat, after some urging, and plays Schu-bert's serenade. He is rewarded by a faint hand, and then there is a universal demand that he perform that other tender, mellow masterpiece, "The Georgia Camp Meeting." He declines the issue, thereby contributing enormously to the happiness of a few to whom "The Georgia Camp Meeting" has become worse than impalement on pikes.

Music's Mystic Charm.

A mandolin is fished up from some here

ofore unexplored portion of the boat, and the young woman with the four enameled college flags on her lapel plays "Narcissus" in jig time, which makes the piece sound weirdly like "The Devil's Dream." One of the funny men here simulates weep ing with great realism. Asked what is all ing him by one of his staff of gigglers, he replies that he is thinking of the tune the ld cow died on, whereupon his entire staff of gigglers are threatened with hysterics.

Then, as the arsenal lights indicate that
the boat is approaching the Washington dock, the scramble for the gangway again sets in, this time more universally and crushingly than ever. All of the young women give sundry little twists and dabs at their back hair to feel if it is on straight. The awakened young ones declare in cho-rus that they do not purpose moving now or forever; that they have entirely made up heir minds to go to bed immediately, without leaving the boat, and that no promise of reward in this or the life to come car shake them in their determination. The may not put the matter as explicitly as this, it is true, but their peevish cries ob

steamboat band renders "Home Sweet Home," with a blarish simulation of pathos, the first people at the gangway rip and tear off to the dock, there to slacken their pace to that of the snall, and it is all over. The sleepy young ones weep dis-mally as they are dragged to the open cars. The saccharine beeriness of "When I First Took Nellie Home" seems to have quite got into the systems of the young men who bawled that lovely vocal classic boat, and they continue to hum the same as they board the cars.

A Marvelous Escape. From the Los Angeles Times.

"One of the strangest accidents in my experience," said a boiler expert, "occurred a few years ago at a small sawmill town over in Texas. They had a narrow-gauge road on which logs were hauled by a pony locomotive. One day the two forward wheels of the little machine jumped the track, and the crew of seven men went out to jack it into place. As the engine stood it had a cant forward, which threw all the water in the boiler to the front end, and, as there was a lively fire in the box, it soon got to the other end red hot. This trifling circumstance was overlooked by the crew, who proceeded calmly with the jacking, six of them working at the sides and one lying flat on his stomach under the rea "As the engine slowly assumed a hori-

zontal position the water ran back to the red-hot portion, and bang! the whole thing disappeared in space. The six men also disappeared. They were distributed in small sections over at least ten acres, and there wasn't enough left of either engine or crew to make a respectable souvenir While this disintergration was in progress the man who had been lying flat on his stomach was experiencing the surprise of his life. He had heard a hideous clap of thunder, and when he looked up, lo and behold! he was all by his lonely. His comrades and the pony locomotive, which was but just then standing over his back, had vanished like a dream. All that was left was the landscape. He was

The Camel's Eye. From the Woman's Home Companion. The Nile is essentially a river of silence

and mystery. Even the camels turn their beautiful soft eyes upon you as if you were intruding upon their silence and rewere intruding upon their silence and re-serve. Never were the eyes in a human head so beautiful as the camel's. There is a limpid softness, an appealing plaintive-ness in their expression which drags at your sympathies like the look in the eyes of a hunchback. It means that, with your opportunities, you might have done more with your life. Your mother looks at you that way sometimes in church, when the sermon touches a narticularly raw perve sermon touches a particularly raw ne in your spiritual make-up. I always feel like apologizing when a camel looks at me.



THE NEW BUILDING

HOUSE WITH HISTORY

Demolition of Building Erected Nearly a Century Ago.

MANY DISTINGUISHED OCCUPANTS

Where Lincoln Was Dined Prior to His Inauguration.

FAMOUS RESORT

One of the oldest landmarks-a first-class orick residence of the early days of Washington-which for nearly a century has stood at the northwest corner of 6th and D streets northwest, was recently torn down. Dr. W. W. Stewart, who has owned the property since 1850, is engaged in the erection of a modern office building of six stories on the site.

The old building is remembered by many of the residents as a handsome old-fashioned structure of brick of three stories and attic, with a two-storied wing on the south in which the rooms were all of commodious size and every part of door, window and mantel of hand-made work. In demolishing it ample evidence was found of the kind when they get into swing with that mad-deningly beautiful ballad, "When I First Took Nellie Home," they perform with all the enthusiasm of which their lungs are firmness of the joints in door and frame, and in the interior work, which was in such order that it could be again used. In fact, the only adverse criticism evoked during the work of tearing down the old structure was when it was found that one of the rooms had been papered at least seventeen times, for that many layers of paper were peeled off. Beneath these were penciled the name of one of the paperhangers from Alexandria and the date 1808.

In excavating for the foundation of the new building one of the original bound stones was removed, probably the last one in the central part of the city. These were placed at the southeast corner of each square, and bore on the top the number of the square and the letter and number of the streets, and the buildings at this point never having extended to the line of 6th and D streets, the stone had rested over a century in view of the public.

Davy Burns' Farm. The site-parts of lots 1 and 2, square 457

-fronts 54 feet 11 inches on 6th street and 116 feet 9 inches on D street. It was part and parcel of the Davy Burns farm, included in the site of the federal city, and on the partition between the United States and the original proprietors lot 1, on the corner, fell to the United States and lot 2 to Burns. The first was conveyed by the Commissioners in 1892 to Walter S. Chandler, who, in the early part of 1805, passed the title to Benjamin Stoddert, and Stoddert a few months afterward conveyed it to the Washington Tontine Company's trustees to the Washington Tondine Company's trustees, from whom it was purchased by Wm. Hewett in 1815. Lot 2 was conveyed by Burns' heirs to Henry Knowles in 1801, and the latter conveyed it to Mr. Hewitt in 1817. The title at Mr. Hewitt's death, in 1839, passed under his will to his wife and four children. By the death of his son Thomas, with his wife and children, who were drowned when the steamer Arctic was lost in the 50s, and the death of one of his sisters, the title was vested in Mrs. Chas. sisters, the title was vested in Mrs. Chas S. Wallach and Mrs. Raymond W. Burch and about twenty years ago it was pur-chased by Mrs. R. R. Miller, who, in 1893, sold it to the present owner, Dr. W. W. The date when the site was first improved

The date when the site was first improved is uncertain, but it is believed the building was erected by Mr. Stoddart prior to his conveyance to the Tontine Company in 1805, but possibly by Mr. Chandler. The original building was one of two stories and attic, and if Mr. Hewitt was not the first owner he was almost a life-long tenant and owner. This gentleman was prominent in the affairs of the old corporation, and that he was a valued officer is apparent from the fact that he served under Mayors Brent, Rapine, Blake, Orr, Smallwood, Carberry, Weightman, Gales, Van Ness, Bradley and Force, from 1810 to his death in 1839, and was also secretary of the upper branch of the councils from 1809 to 1820. He was, too, prominent in the Masonic order, and, being the grand master, laid the corner stone of the city hall in 1829. Living not far from some of the leading families of the city, while some of the foremost public men were among the friends of the family up to the date of ais death, Mrs. Hewitt and her daughters frequently entertained the many associates of the popular municipal officer and Mason. The two weddings of the daughters—one of whom married Major C. S. Wallach and the other Mr. Raymond W. Burch—was of the old-time home weddings of that period in whom married Major C. S. Wallach and the other Mr. Raymond W. Burch—was of the old-time home weddings of that period in character, and the specious parlors and halls were filled by the many friends of the parties.

An Added Story.

From Fliegende Blatter.

After the death of Mr. Hewitt the house was enlarged by the addition of a story, making it, including the attic, a house of four floors, and by the erection of a wing

on the south containing four spacio on the south containing four spacious rooms. Gen. Walter Jones, then the leading lawyer of the District and the major general of the District militia, lived here with his family, and also had his office. Gen. Jones was more prominent than even Mr. Hewitt, especially in military affairs, having an extensive accountry except in the ing an extensive acquaintanceship in judicial and departmental circles, and he and his family were popular with a large proportion of the citizens.

portion of the citizens.

In the latter part of the 40's the house became more than a private residence, but so select and exclusive were the guests it was never regarded as a public house, in the general meaning of that term. At this period Mr. J. P. Crutchet, one of the most accomplished chefs of his day, opened the house to a few of his friends in the diplomatic corps and congressional circles. In matic corps and congressional circles mate co-ps and congressional circles. In a little time the place had a reputation second to none, and soon became known to the best people as the leading place of its character, at least in the down-town section of Washington. White some of the members of the diplomatic corps—Baron Gerolt, Rosin M. Catacazy and Mr. Sliden made their homes here, other members fre-quently dined at the place. Lieut, Gen. Winfield Scott was also partial to Mr. Winfield Scott was also partial to Mr. Crutchet's cuisine, and among others who spent more or less of their time under his roof the following congressmen are recalled: Alex H. Stephens, Howell Cobb, M. J. Crawford and Joshua Hill of Georgia, Anthony Jenks and N. F. Dixon of Rhodd Island, J. V. C. Pruyn and H. J. Raymond of New York, D. S. Norton of Minnesota, C. J. Faulkner and A. G. Jenkins of Virginia, Charles Sumner of Massachusetts. ginia, Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, E. B. Washburne of Illinois, D. W. Voor-hees of Indiana, C. R. Vallandigham of Ohio, Jas. Green and J. R. Barrett of Mis-

Early War Period.

When Gen. Scott sojourned here, in the latter part of 1860, he lived as a private gentleman, transacting his business as the commanding general of the army at the office, on 17th strest, directly opposite the War Department, but .as the "troublous war times" approached the matters engaging his attention made necessary much official business at his lodgings. His office there he located in the wing south of the main entrance and, in addition to his clerical force, a guard by night and orderlies night and day were on duty—these being furnished by the cavalry troop which sub-sequently became Griffin's battery, one of the most noted in the war of the rebellion. the most noted in the war of the rebellion. Here were prepared the plans for securing the inauguration of President Lincoln, and for the stationing of the troops, including the District men and state forces, called out by the President in April. Gen. Scott retained his rooms here till late in May, 1861, when he removed to the French hotel, on Pernsylvania avenue above 17th street, near the War Department and his

ermanent office. Under Mr. Crutchet's management the



The Old Building.

native and foreign, and of the elaborate dinners of that period there were none more highly spoken of than those prepared at Crutchet's. One of the finest dinners ever given, up to that period, in this city, it was said at the time, was that given at Crutchet's by Messrs. Stephens, Cobb and other southern members, to Stephen A. Douglas, in honor of his marriage to Miss Cutts of this city, when the "Little Giant" made one of the most beautiful speeches of his life in bidding farewell to single blessed-ness. The diplomats frequently gave dinner parties here, and at some were the military, the legislators diplomatic and professional gentlemen mixed. At one of these just previous to the inauguration President Lincoln, Secretary Seward and General Scott were guests, and it is presumed it was more of a business affair than otherwise.

Mr. Crutchet conducted business hera for about twenty years, and when he left Major C. S. Wallach moved in and lived there till he died. Since then till its deme lition it has been occupied by Messrs. W. A. Cook, A. C. Richards, C. C. Cole and many other members of the bar, and the brick office buildings on D street erected by Dr. Stewart in 1893 are occupied by pro-

A Victim of Heredity.

From Puck. Philanthropist-"Poor fellow! You are

doubtless a victim of heredity." Convict-"Yes, lady! I fell over six new ancestors dat Mrs. Astorbilt had fist had painted, an' dat woke up de hull house, and dey pinched me!"

A PRACTICAL JOKE.



It is 5 o'clock, and he hasn't come home





Now, we won't do a thing but queer him.

on my head?